

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
 Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, May 7, 1803.

The Nut-shell.

A TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

POOR Bendorf! he was only doubtful of one thing; whether he should be angry or pleased—Repentance for his own conduct; resentment for Julia's cunning and concealment, spoke strongly on one side; but another voice, a voice which assured him, that Amelia's jealousy, would, in all probability, have rendered him unhappy; that the ardent attachment of Julia, was shown very clearly in this step; that he was indebted to it alone, for his present felicity; this voice made itself heard in its turn, and gave loud opposition to these reproaches.

While he was thus considering, and hanging in suspense, his young wife came into the room. Her beauty, which the raptures of the former night had tinged with somewhat of a paler hue, but which they had rather increased than diminished; her languishing eye, her melting kisses, her arm which she threw so tenderly around him, and her bosom so closely meeting his, banished immediately every other idea. He showed her indeed the letter, but her frank acknowledgment, that it was dictated by her wish to obtain him; her half sportive, and half solemn assurance, that he should never have reason to regret the exchange, put an end to all his remonstrances. He thanked her, by kissing her hand, and embracing her; was afraid he was unworthy of so much tenderness, and challenged even the gods themselves to show him a happier, a more fortunate man.

Deluded wretch! he did not consider, that every woman has at least two sides: that the mistress, the bride, and the young married lady, sets always very prudently the fairest of the two, in the clearest light; but that the other soon enough takes its turn. As a bridegroom, he had day after day, revelled in different companies with Julia; and endeavoured to make himself as agreeable as possible, to the numerous acquaintances to whom she introduced him; but as a husband, he soon began to find them tiresome. Nor was this merely as they robbed him of the time, which ought to have been devoted to necessary business; but the secretary, who had so often been invited out, must now, when, as the phrase is, he had got a house of his own, invite others as often in return; and he found that he saved little or nothing, when he dined abroad, although he spent a great deal when he had company at home. Julia drest with much taste; and her bridegroom had often paid her compliments upon it; but her husband now found reason to sigh over the milliner's and mantua-maker's bills; and even bit his lips with vexation, when he perceived her violent passion for play, which frequently cost her in one evening ten or twelve louis-d'ors, with a little remorse, as if it had been so many pence.

His house had now become a rendezvous for idlers of quality, for gamblers, and pick-pockets, and he, who had never felt in himself any strong attachment for the business of his office, now daily neglected it more and more; and his income diminished in the same proportion as his expences increased. He was indeed not a little astonished, with the sum total, at the end of the first year; he even made a firm resolution, to think of retrenching his household expences; but to think of it was all the

length he could go: one single request of his Julia, a single hint of the fortune she had brought him, and above all, his own inclination, carried him again down the stream: he lived for five years in such a style, that on the sixth, he found there was now left nothing but the scanty income of his office.

If indigence brought him to murmur in secret, it brought Julia nearly to despair. No more card-money when she wished to play; no more ducats when a new silk arrived; no more credit, when she chose to give invitations. All this was too melancholy to be supported by Madam Bendorf, without contriving a remedy. In a metropolis, so amply provided with rich and luxurious libertines, it was impossible that a young, vain, and beautiful woman, should long want money, who was determined to gain it. Count Starrberg often visited Julia. He had the felicity to be very much in the good graces of the ladies, particularly those of the highest quality: for his conversation was trifling; his compliments silly, but sweet; his cloaths in the newest fashion, and his purse always well filled. He had long paid his principal attentions to Bendorf's young wife; but hitherto to no purpose: now, however, she seemed to invite his advances, and Starrberg was not the man who required such a hint to be repeated. He was about to make use of sumptuous presents, as the most likely means to facilitate his victory, and who knows but that the fortress itself, might have been thinking of a capitulation, when an unforeseen event annihilated at once all his hopes.

Bendorf, however much he was persuaded, that his wife alone was the cause of his misery, continued to love her with an affection and fidelity, which, if we believe some ill-natured observers, is not very com-

mon to our sex. The Count's intentions did not escape his penetrating eye; and his fears on that subject increased into suspicion when he saw that his presents were received. With the most affectionate tenderness, he remonstrated with Julia, and she was still reasonable enough to give ear to him.

When he had ended, the artful woman, who was able to do everything but live economically, threw her arms round his neck with equal tenderness, and swore that her fidelity to him had never wavered, nor ever would. "You are still as dear to me, as in that moment, when the sweet hope of stealing you from Amelia, first awakened anew in my breast—you are my all, my pride and my happiness; nor will you ever cease to be so. But why should we make any ceremony of pillaging this wealthy fool? Is there not upon his side, a superfluity which he does not deserve, and upon ours, an indigence equally unmerited? Trust me to my virtue and my prudence. The former will keep me true to you; and the latter will save you for a twelvemonth to come, the heavy article of my dress, and many other expences."

"No, no, dear Julia.—If one of us, from our present unhappy situation, must have recourse to artifice and fraud; let the hard task fall upon me. Here are four hundred dollars, to spend as you please. Employ the half of them in your pleasures, and the other half in necessities."

Julia started; four hundred glittering dollars was more than she had seen for a long time in her husband's possession: and far more, than she at present suspected him to have.

"Ay, my dear golden husband, where have you got so much money?"

"That's my affair, Julia.—Take it, and use it; but on this condition, that from this moment, you break off all connection with the Count."

"With all my heart, my dear love." (*In a louder tone.*) "John, bring me pen, ink, and paper." The good husband, without waiting the tardy John, ran himself and brought them. The Count's last present was returned to him in a scornful billet, with an assurance, that his intentions were discovered and despised. This unexpected letter astonished the Count not a little. As he was full of confidence in his approaching victory, he had already favoured about a dozen of his acquaintances, with a particular description of the fair Bendorf, in which

not one of her charms was forgotten: but the whole woman was portrayed as minutely as if she had been sitting to him for a model. He soon, however, got the better of his surprise; and with an exclamation against the miserable taste of the plebian canaille, he flew to a female friend in the neighbourhood, whose clumsy figure was but a poor indemnification for the Venus he had lost: but whose favours of all sorts, from the lowest to the highest, could be had at a much more reasonable price.

Bendorf and his wife, in the mean time, lived for some weeks in a new round of pleasure and extravagance. She now again had the satisfaction of employing a number of tradesmen and shopkeepers, and of seeing thrice in the following week, fifteen guests at her table. The thoughtless woman did not consider how dear perhaps the money he had given her might have cost her husband, and yet suspicion would have been here but natural, and, alas! but too well founded. Bendorf had, in consequence of his office, a considerable sum of money under his keeping; and had managed it hitherto with the strictest punctuality: even the most urgent necessity of his own would not have induced him to touch any part of it: but jealousy was more powerful than indigence. With a vain, and almost childish resolution of soon replacing it, he now took it up: the four hundred dollars he had given Julia were taken from hence: and the term of its payment appeared, without a single penny being replaced. As his whole happiness and reputation depended upon the concealment of this step, he now saw himself compelled to another not less important. He had hitherto avoided nothing more carefully than having any connection with usurers, but he was now obliged to have recourse to them: and as his credit was already very much sunk, he fell into the hands of men who had nothing Christian about them but their habit; and who demanded, of course, the higher interest, as they ran such a risk of losing the principal.

A thousand times did Bendorf determine to reform his whole way of living; but the cursed dread of losing his wife's affections, interposed always, and shut his mouth. Frequently, when he was on the point of treating her, to wear head-dresses less costly, or not to play whist every day for so high a stake; she would come to him with the most affectionate look, and tell him, that such a lady, her neighbour, had got a fine new gown for a birth-day present: that the play to be that night performed, was a charm-

ing piece; or that she had now been twice dining in such a family without asking them in return. The poor man stood before her, with a look of as great perplexity, as if he had just eaten mustard, and wanted to conceal its effects upon his nerves. He was still silent, but a single kiss, or a single fond question: "what think you, my dear?" brought him to give her his last penny; which was frequently more than *his* last. The night was then past in sleepless anxiety, and next morning produced a new bond to the usurers.

Such a way of living could not last long. That poverty, which was so much dreaded, and from which a short respite had been procured, by means much worse than itself, broke now forth with double fury, like a flood which had been vainly attempted to be dammed. Bendorf indeed wanted not sufficient inclination to borrow more; another thing only was wanting, which is equally essential to the business of borrowing: he could no longer meet with a lender. In vain did Julia now ask him for money; he was now obliged to do what he should have done long ago; he was obliged to refuse her. Her acquaintances now treated her with coldness, and her card-tables were empty. And even this appearance of retrenchment, made his suspicious creditors still more suspicious: their bonds came in upon him daily, and he had the prospect before him of an immediate arrest; which according to the law of the country, he knew must be followed with the loss of his office.

He was now sunk into that insensibility, which extreme distress at last brings to our relief. And sitting one day alone in his chamber; his wife had retired to her closet, under the pretence of a severe head-ache; and begged that she might be left there for some hours to sleep undisturbed. The door was hastily opened by Weller, the last friend that Bendorf had left. "Friend," cried he, "you must fly immediately—If you delay but two hours, you will be in custody, I saw the warrant for that purpose, in the hands of Erlach, the most unmerciful of lawyers. He suspected, I know not for what reason, that there had been a misunderstanding between us, and thought he was doing me a pleasure, when he showed me the fatal paper.—Fly, I beseech you—here in this purse, is all the money I can at present spare; take it, and do the best you can with it."

Bendorf stood long, as if he had been petrified. In vain did Weller continue with the most affectionate warmth, to urge him to the necessity of flight; all the answer he

could draw from him, was that he must first consult with his wife. He hastened to her closet, to her bed—there was no Julia there—he called to her over the whole house; but there followed neither voice nor answer. “What can this mean?” cried he out, in a rage, and ran to Julia’s confidential maid, with such an air of fury and impatience, that the poor terrified creature fell trembling at his feet. “Dearest, best of masters, only spare me; and I will readily confess all that I know. My lady is not sick, she is only gone out.” “And whither?” “Only to a house, where she had appointed to meet a gentleman, as she has done sometimes already.” “And who is the gentleman, wretch?” “Count Starrberg.”

Bendorf, as if a dagger had pierced his heart, sunk speechless upon the nearest seat, and wildly struck his forehead with his doubled fist; a few minutes afterwards, when he had recovered his speech, he raised himself up, and cried aloud—“This too—this too. Completely ruined on her account; and yet thus dishonoured and deceived. Shall I wait for her, and punish her?—Shall the faithless woman from my hand—No, no, let poverty, shame, and her own conscience be her punishers. I will not anticipate the revenge of Him, who has punished so severely my imprudence.” Then after a pause of a few minutes, he went on thus—“Here, on this very spot, where I wept for the death of my two children. I now thank thee, eternal providence, that thou didst so graciously take them to thyself. I can now violate no paternal duty; and the duties of a husband I here renounce; the faithless woman is no longer worthy to be called my wife. How willingly would I have fulfilled the obligations of a debtor and a citizen, if my poverty would have permitted.” With these words he seized Weller’s hand, (who had beheld all this scene, and being afraid of something worse, was rejoiced at this prudent resolution) secured a few valuables which were still left him, and hurried to his friend’s house: in less than a quarter of an hour he was on horseback, and forsook for ever his native country.

In his flight he stopt only for a minute, at one house—at the habitation of Amelia. It was long since she had become the wife of a worthy man, a happy mother, and the esteemed friend of many respectable persons. She had long ago forgotten the uneasiness which Bendorf had given her; but she sincerely lamented his hard fate; and sometimes would, in secret, reproach herself gently for her jealousy. Here Bendorf stopt, looked up at the

window, and exclaimed, “There, wretch, didst thou once stand; happy in the present, and still happier in the prospect of the future. Accursed be the moment in which an unlucky instance of thy rashness, occasioned the destruction of the whole happiness of thy life.”

He continued his flight, weeping, and past the remainder of his short life in obscurity and indigence in a foreign land.

The Anecdotist, No. 2.

ORIENTALS.—CONTINUED.

A CERTAIN sovereign had a wise vizier, who resigned his office, and employed himself in worshipping God. The king asked the nobles what was become of the vizier. They informed him, that leaving the vizarut, he employed himself in serving the Deity. The king went to the vizier, and asked, “O vizier! what offence have I committed, that you quitted the vizarut?” He replied, “For five reasons:—First, you were sitting, and I standing in your presence; now I serve a God who has commanded me to sit at the time of prayer.—Second, you ate while I was looking on; now I have found a Providence, who eateth not himself, but sustains me.—Third, you slept while I watched; now I have found a God who protects me while I rest.—Fourth, I was always afraid, that if you should die, I might experience some misfortune from enemies; now I have such a God, who will not die, neither can enemies do me any injury.—Fifth, with you I was afraid that if I should have committed a fault, you would not have forgiven me; but now my God is so merciful, that I commit an hundred sins every day, and he pardons them.”

ONE night a cazy found in a book, that whoever has a small head and a long beard is a blockhead. The cazy having a small head and a long beard, said to himself, “I cannot increase the size of the head, but I will shorten the beard.” He sought for scissors, but could not find them. Having no other resource, he took half his beard in his hand, and put the other half towards the lamp; when the hair took fire, the flames reached his hand; upon which, letting go his hold, the beard was entirely consumed, and the cazy overwhelmed with shame, as it verified what was said in the book.

A POET having committed a crime, the king ordered the executioner to put him to death in the royal presence. A trembling seized the poet’s body; at which a courtier called out to him, “What cowardice and irresolution is this! A man never suffers dread in this manner.” The poet replied, “Mr. Courtier, if you are a man, sit in my place, and allow me to stand up.” The king was so much pleased at this stroke of humour, that he laughed, and pardoned his offence.

A POET went to a rich man, and bestowed great praise on him; at which the latter being pleased, said, “I have not any money at command, but a large quantity of grain; if you come to-morrow I will give you some.” The poet went home, and early the next morning went again to the rich man; who asked him, why he was come? He answered, “Yesterday you promised to give me some grain, and I am now come for it.” “You are an egregious block-head,” replied the other; “you have delighted me with words, and I have also pleased you,—why therefore should I give you any corn?” The poet went away ashamed.

A PERSON making it a practice to buy six loaves every day, a friend asked him what he did with them. He replied, “I keep one loaf, another I throw away, two loaves I return, and two others I lend.” The friend said, “I don’t comprehend your meaning, speak plainly.” He replied, “The loaf which I keep, I eat; the one which I throw away, is what I give to my wife’s mother; the two which I return, I give to my father and mother; and I lend two loaves to my sons.”

A JESTER married a woman, who after four months presented him with a bouncing boy. She asked her husband what name he would give his son? “Call him *Courier*,” says he, “for he has performed a journey of nine months in the space of four.”

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHINESE PROVERB.

When swords are rusty, spades are bright,
When prison doors admit the light,
When granaries are full of corn,
The temple’s thresholds soil’d and worn,
Grass growing where the lawyers talk,
When butchers ride, and doctors walk—
Then are there many, young and old,
And statesmen well the state uphold.

CURIOUS ANECDOTES
Of the Celebrated Field Marshal
SUVAROF.

[From Secret Memoirs of the Court of Russia.]

A STRANGER who had heard the name of Suvarof, wishes, on his arrival in Russia, to see this hero. An old man is pointed out, of a weather-beaten and shrivelled figure, who traverses the apartments of the palace, hopping on one foot, or is seen running and gambolling in the streets, followed by a troop of boys, to whom he throws apples, to make them scramble and fight, crying himself, "I am Suvarof! I am Suvarof!" If the stranger should fail to discover in this old madman, the conqueror of the Turks and the Poles, he will at least, in his haggard and ferocious eyes, his foaming and horrid mouth, readily discern the butcher of the inhabitants of Prague. Suvarof would be considered as the most ridiculous buffoon, if he had not shewn himself the most barbarous warrior. He is a monster with the body of an ape, and the soul of a bull-dog. Attila, his countryman, and from whom he is perhaps descended, had neither his good-fortune, nor his ferocity. His gross and ridiculous manners have inspired his soldiers with the blindest confidence, which serves him instead of military talents, and has been the real cause of all his successes. He is accounted a brave and successful warrior; that, educated in camps, is unacquainted with the court, and ignorant how to flatter and fawn on a favourite. After having distinguished himself as a subaltern, he advanced step by step to the rank of commander in chief. He is endowed with a natural ferocity, which serves him for bravery, and spills blood, like a tiger, by instinct. He lives in the army like a simple Cossac: he arrives at court like an ancient Scythian; and, during his stay, will accept no other lodging than the carriage which brought him. To relate the details of his life would be to record a series of extravagancies: and certainly if he be not mad, the ability to counterfeit madness is among the first of his qualifications; but his folly is the folly of a barbarian, which has nothing agreeable in it.

He has not, however, been always successful. At the siege of Otchakof, the Turks having made a feigned sortie, he chose, contrary to the orders of Potemkin, to pursue them, hoping to enter the city with the fugitives. A battery of mortars was opened upon him, and his whole column destroyed. He entered upon the assault of Ismael without having reconnoitered the place, and his exploits in Poland

are those of a brigand. He hastened his march thither to satisfy the vengeance of Catharine, and to massacre the remains of an army already defeated by Fresen, and deprived of the brave Koseiushko, its principal strength. Suvarof, embracing the inhabitants of Warsaw, and granting them pardon on the bodies of twenty thousand citizens of every age and sex, resembles a satiated tiger, that plays with his prey on the bones of his charnel-horse.

The singularity of his manners is as striking as the eccentricity of his mind. He retires to rest at six in the evening, and rises at two in the morning; when he bathes himself in cold water, or causes pails of water to be thrown over his naked body. He dines at eight, and his dinner, like his breakfast, consists of the coarsest and commonest food of the soldiers, and brandy: a man trembles to be invited to such a repast. Often, in the middle of the entertainment, one of his aides-de-camp rises; and approaching him, forbids him to eat any more. "By whose order am I forbidden?" demands Suvarof himself.—"By order of marshal Suvarof himself," answers the aid-de-camp. Suvarof, rising, then says, "He must be obeyed." In the same manner he causes himself to be commanded in his own name, to walk, or to do any other necessary thing.

During his stay at Warsaw, a crowd of Austrian or Prussian officers pressed to see this original. Before he made his appearance, he inquired of which of these officers there was the greatest number; if Austrians, he decorated himself with a portrait of Joseph II. entered the antichamber, leaped into the middle of the circle, and offered to each of them the picture to kiss, repeating, "Your emperor knows me, and loves me also." If Prussians composed the majority, he wore the order of the Black Eagle, and made the same grimaces. At court, he is sometimes seen to run from lady to lady, and kiss the portrait of Catharine, which they wear at the breast, crossing himself, and bowing. Catharine told him one day to behave himself more decently.

He is a devotee, and superstitious. He obliges his captains to pray aloud before their companies; and ill treats those foreign officers, or Livonians, who are unacquainted with the Russian prayers.

Sometimes he visits the hospitals of the camp, calling himself a physician. Those whom he finds extremely ill, he obliges to take rhubarb, or salts; and on those who are but slightly indisposed, he bestows blows. Often he drives all the sick from

the hospital, saying, "It is not permitted of the soldiers of Suvarof to be sick." In his armies all those manœuvres are prohibited which relate to a retreat, as he shall never, he says, have occasion to adopt them. He exercises his soldiers himself, and makes them charge with the bayonet in three different ways. When he says, "March against the Poles," the soldier plunges his bayonet once; "march against the Prussians," the soldier strikes twice; "march against the execrable French," the soldier then makes two thrusts forward, and a third in the ground, and there sinks and turns round his bayonet. His hatred against the French was extreme. His letter to Charette has been seen in various newspapers. He wrote to Catharine from Warsaw, and frequently in these words: "Mother, permit me to march against the French." When the death of Catharine took place, he had already advanced for that purpose into Galicia, at the head of forty thousand men.

Frequently he rides through his camp, naked to his shirt, on the bare back of a Cossac horse; and at day-break, instead of causing the drums to beat the *reveille*, he comes out of his tent, and crows three times like a cock, which is the signal for the army to rise, sometimes to march, or even to go to battle.

In the multiplicity of extravagancies which he commits, or of insipid things which he says, if any singular or striking trait falls from him, every one repeats and admires it as a burst of genius. This man has nevertheless some virtues: he has shewn occasionally an uncommon disinterestedness, and even generosity, as well in refusing the gifts of Catharine, as in distributing them about him. He will slaughter the wretch who asks life, but he will give money to him who asks charity. Almost at the same moment he gnashes his teeth in rage like a madman, laughs and grins like an ape, or weeps piteously like an old woman.

Such is the too celebrated Suvarof. He quarrelled with his wife, and would not acknowledge a son whom he had by her, preferring his nephews, the princes of Gortschakof: but the empress having made this son an officer in the guards, he said, "As the empress chooses I shall have a son, be it so; but for myself, I know nothing of the matter." He had also a daughter, maid of honour to Catharine, who was distinguished at court for idiotism. Her father, after an absence of several years, appointed a meeting with her at the house of a third person. "Ah, father," cried she, "how big you have grown since I saw you." In French,

this would have passed for a happy play upon words, but in Russ it was a blunder that excited universal laughter. After the capture of Warsaw, he repaired to Petersburg, to enjoy the fruits of his glory; and this Scythian, who had never before any other lodging than his carriage, accepted apartments in the Taurique palace, and wore a superb marshal's uniform, which was given him by Catharine. When he received this dress, he played a thousand antics, hugging it in his arms, kissing it, and making signs of the cross; and when he lifted it, he said, "I am not astonished they do not give such a dress as this to little Nicholas Soltikof; it would be too heavy for him to wear."

We have seen the manner in which Paul dismissed him on his accession, and the motives which instigated him. The murmurs of the army afterwards obliged the emperor to recall him.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Contemplator, No. 4.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame.

DRYDEN.

IT is an observation confirmed by experience, that if a young man, in his first entrance into the world, makes one false step, it requires many years of upright conduct, to regain the good opinion of mankind. Numbers there are, who, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and actuated by volatile dispositions, are guilty of indiscretions, without considering the consequences. The world abounds with allurements, which are calculated to please and corrupt the hearts of youth. They seize on them with avidity, and enjoy them for a time, till at length they lose their relish; and many would return to virtue, but find it hard, if not impossible, to regain the good opinion of their fellow citizens.

In journeying through life, man, from the feebleness and inconstancy of his nature, will be guilty of many faults and crimes:

"The world's infectious—few bring back at eve,
"Immaculate, the manners of the morn."

So said Young, in his day, when the times were by no means so corrupt as at present. Human nature at this day has arrived at a pitch of depravity unexampled in former ages. Honesty, religion, and every virtue which adorn and dignify the human character, and form the difference between man and the brute creation, seem fast sweeping

away in the general torrent of dissipation, and leave nothing behind them but those vices, the effects of which we daily see. This being the case, it is not surprising that youth should be led into errors and imprudencies. These, the world, on a hasty view, may call rash; but certainly the reflecting mind, on mature deliberation, cannot consider them as crimes. The world is known (by the experience, the unfortunate experience of many) to be hasty in its decisions. The truth of this remark we behold daily verified in the disputes which happen between men. The mind is too often influenced by the specious representations of one party in a dispute, to the prejudice of the other; sometimes by misrepresentation, at others, by omitting every circumstance that might extenuate their faults, and producing all that would be to their disadvantage. Such is the nature of man, so depraved his disposition, generally speaking, that he would rather expose to view all the faults and crimes of his fellow, than praise in him those virtues, which counterbalance his failings. Men will reason on the frailty of human nature, the weaknesses incident to man, and excuse for the time his faults and foibles; it is all good in theory; but when they come to practice, mark the inconsistency....they hear of some crime of their neighbour's....so far from endeavouring to exculpate him, or to extenuate his actions, they proclaim them to the world;—and this too, is often done with an appearance of the greatest grief!—"Did you hear what Mr. A. has done? well, I was extremely sorry when I heard it! I always thought he was an honest man!" Thus they tell it one to another, and all the advantage Mr. A. receives from their sorrow, is that they give greater publicity to his shame. Such being human nature, a young man should be guarded in his conduct; and altho' youth is not the season for reflection, yet seeing the world is so much more apt to censure than excuse, the greatest circumspection is necessary. Many a man has begun his career in life with the fairest prospects, who has had all his expectations blasted by the envenomed tongue of calumny. He has, by impetuous passions, been hurried into errors, which his moments of sober reflection must condemn, and for which he determines to atone by future good conduct; but his imprudencies are proclaimed to the world with every exaggeration; to vindicate his conduct is vain, mankind have formed their opinion; and to deaden the acuteness of his feelings, he plunges into every excess, hoping to receive ease, and some short respite from himself.

Shakespeare's language, speaking of loss of character, is extremely beautiful:—

Good name in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something—
nothing;
'Twas mine—'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of what enriches not himself,
And makes me poor indeed.

There is no character more disgraceful to human nature, none that produces greater mischiefs in society, than he who delights in undermining the reputation, and destroying the happiness of his neighbours. Such a wretch causes greater evils in the world, than all the vicissitudes of fortune can produce. A man reduced to the deepest distress may again rise, if his character is unblemished; but if that is lost, he rises no more.

PHILADELPHUS.

NOTE.

The second number of the *Contemplator*, though not distinguished from the others, was written by a friend, and should more properly have appeared under his signature.

A New Mode of Preserving PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

WASH a sufficient quantity of fine sand, so as perfectly to separate it from all other substances, dry it, pass it thro' a sieve, to cleanse it from those gross particles which would not rise in the washing. Take an earthen vessel of a proper size for the flower or plant you intend to preserve, taking care to gather your plants or flowers when they are in a state of perfection, and in dry weather, and always with a convenient portion of the stalk; heat a little of the sand prepared as above, and lay it in the bottom so as equally to cover it, lay the plant or flower you intend to preserve upon it, in such a manner that no part of it shall touch any part of the vessel; sift or shake in more sand upon it by little and little, that the leaves may be extended by degrees and without injury, till the top of the plant or flower is covered about two inches thick. Put the vessel into a stove, or hot-house, heated by little and little to the 50th degree; let it stand there a day or two, or perhaps more according to the thickness or succulence of the plant or flower; then gently shake the sand out upon a sheet of paper, and carefully take out the plant which will be found in all its beauty, the shape as elegant, and the colour as vivid as when it grew in its natural state.

Some flowers require certain little operations to preserve the adherence of their petals, particularly the tulip, with respect to which it is necessary, before it is buried in the sand, to cut the triangular fruit which rises in the middle of the flower, for the petal will then remain more firmly attached to the stalk.

A "*hortus siccus*" prepared in this manner, would be a most beautiful and useful curiosity.

The same method might be likewise practised for preserving of such plants as are used in medicine; for although it is not essentially necessary to preserve the colour and form of such plants, yet there is a great reason to believe, that the less change the plant undergoes before it is used, the more of its natural properties it retains; and the preservation of beautiful leaves and flowers in their original shape and colour, and putting them at once in a state in which they can suffer no subsequent change but from length of time, or accident, is surely a desirable object.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE HERMIT: A DRAMATIC TRIFLE.

IN THREE ACTS.

(CONTINUED.)

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.—*The same as the second scene in Act first.*—Enter Williams, from the cottage to the door.

Williams. I fear some accident has happened to Emma; it grows late, and she does not return. [*Enter Emma.*] Ah, she approaches. [*To Emma.*] You have returned late; I hope nothing unfortunate has befallen you?

Emma. Nothing, Sir, nothing serious; but something laughable indeed.

Williams. I am happy to find you so cheerful; but come, Emma, be seated, and tell me what has happened.

Emma. It is scarcely worth relating; but perhaps it may amuse you for a moment. Returning from my solitary ramble, I saw Mary Hobson crossing the field hard by.—As she appeared to be coming here, I called, and desired her to wait till I came up. She screamed aloud, and threw herself into George Wilson's arms, who was just then approaching. Determined to shew her how little cause she had for apprehension, I turned hastily, and entered the ad-

joining wood; while passing, I heard her tell a dismal tale of a ghost she had seen on the sea-shore, &c. When she had finished, I made my appearance, and approached them from another part of the wood, when they both ran away in the utmost consternation.

Williams. Strange and laughable enough; how superstitious they are; this made them cowards; had they but waited your nearer approach, they would then have laughed at their own fears. But, Emma, I have something to communicate, which I hope will meet your approbation.

Emma. My approbation! Sir, why is it necessary? Any thing you do, cannot concern me, more than as it may contribute to your benefit or injury.

Williams. It may concern you more than you suppose.

Emma. It may!—Sir, you strongly excite my curiosity. I know not what to think.

Williams. I have been reflecting on your late misfortunes, and the result is a belief that your brother may yet be living.

Emma. Would to heaven he were!—You have raised a something like hope in my breast, but which I fear you will never be able to realize. On what grounds do you found your expectations?

Williams. You are not certain your brother is lost; you have not any positive, any undeniable evidence; you have not found his lifeless form cast on the shore.

Emma. [*With emotion.*] I have not; neither have I any reason to believe he is saved, when I reflect on the events of that inauspicious morning, when our vessel arrived on the coast, crazy and shattered with repeated tempests; the long-wished-for port in view, every heart leaped for joy, every hand assisted to hasten our arrival; when the clouds gathered, the thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed. While the furious winds raised high the swelling surges, and dashed our crazy vessel against the rocks; nothing was heard but the cries of the unfortunate, and the jarring of the elements; each one attended to his own safety; even the ties of affection were forgotten in this awful hour. After the vessel stranded, I remember nothing that happened till I found myself in your house. But, Sir, relieve me if you can from a state of suspense; have you heard any thing of my brother? where is he?—He must have perished with hunger, if even he escaped the dangers of the sea; for, alas! there are no habitations near the coast, but those around us, I believe.

Williams. No, Emma, I have heard no-

thing of him, nor are there any habitations near, but those around us.

Emma. Alas! Sir, he is in none of these.

Williams. But who knows where the storm may have driven him.

Emma. Our ship was dashed to pieces against the rocks.

Williams. How many instances have come to our knowledge, where vessels have been dashed to pieces, and the seamen saved their lives on pieces of the wreck.

Emma. Should this be the case, he must have perished ere this with fatigue and hunger.

Williams. Perhaps not; at a considerable distance from us, in a lonely vale, on the banks of a river, dwells an aged hermit; may it not be, your brother has found shelter in his cave? It is at least possible; I will go and see.

Emma. An hermit you say, lives in so dreary a place?

Williams. It is not a dreary place. It is beautiful as can be conceived, and it is retired; it suits the melancholy disposition of an unfortunate old man. He was like you cast away; like you a welcome inmate of my house. He came to America to seek an asylum for his family; but being unfortunately wrecked; and soon after informed of the death of his whole family by a contagious disease, he sought the lonely place he now inhabits, which I assisted him to fit up for an habitation. There he lives retired from a world, which has no longer any charms for him.

Emma. Unfortunate man! But why, Sir, do you suppose my brother has reached his cave? do you think it probable?

Williams. Very probable, you perhaps did not notice what I did—when you were cast away, the wind blew strongly up the river on whose banks the hermit lives. In my search on the sea shore, I have found nothing to justify the idea of your brother's death; most probably then he has saved himself on a fragment of the vessel, and been driven up the river, at least I indulge the hope.

Emma. Oh! may you not be disappointed!

Williams. I trust I shall not. Hope the best. Probabilities are in our favour, and I will at least try. But go now to rest, and peaceful be your slumbers; and ere to-morrow's sun shall gild the summits of yon lofty hill, I will begin my journey.

[*Exit Emma and Williams.*]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OSER.—A coffer without a lock shows that it contains no treasure; as a mouth always open, denotes an empty brain.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

The following account of a remarkable phenomenon appeared in the *Aurora* of the 28th ult. copied from a Richmond paper. The phenomenon was probably confined to the vicinity of Richmond, as nothing similar appears to have been noticed in any other part of the United States. I should wish the record preserved in the Repository; and I think it would also be agreeable to many of your subscribers. Your's, &c. W.

SHOOTING METEORS.

THIS electrical phenomenon was observed on Wednesday morning last, at Richmond, and its vicinity, in a manner that alarmed many, and astonished every person who beheld it. From 1 until 3 in the morning, those starry meteors seemed to fall from every point in the heavens, in such numbers as to resemble a shower of sky-rockets. The inhabitants were at the same hour to be called from their houses by the fire-bell, which was rung on account of a fire that broke out in one of the rooms of the armoury, but which was speedily extinguished. Every one, therefore, had an opportunity of witnessing a scene of nature, which never before was displayed in this part of the globe, and which, probably, will never appear again. Several of those shooting meteors, were accompanied with a train of fire, that illuminated the sky for a considerable distance.—One, in particular, appeared to fall from the zenith, of the apparent size of a ball of eighteen inches diameter, that lighted for several seconds the whole hemisphere. During the continuance of this remarkable phenomenon, a hissing noise in the air was plainly heard, and several reports, resembling the discharge of a pistol. Had the city bell not been ringing, these reports would probably have seemed much louder. The sky was remarkably clear and serene, and the visible fixed stars numerous the whole night. We are anxious to know at what distance from Richmond this phenomenon has extended. It is hoped that persons who have remarked it in other places, will not neglect to inform the public of the particulars, as such information may add, in a great degree, to the knowledge of meteorology.

Since writing the above, we have been informed, that several of the largest of these shooting meteors, were observed to descend almost to the ground before they exploded. Indeed, many of those which we saw, appeared to approach within a few yards of the house-tops, and then suddenly to vanish. Some persons, we are told, were so alarmed, that they imagined the fire in the armoury was occasioned by one of those meteors, and in place of repairing to extinguish the earthly flames, they

busied themselves in contriving to protect the roofs of their houses from the fire of heaven.

This circumstance of the shooting stars descending within a short distance of the ground, is however, a fact highly important to be known; as it has been generally supposed, that meteors only proceed in a horizontal direction, and never fly perpendicularly upwards or downwards. Those which we particularly remarked, appeared to descend in an angle of sixty degrees with the horizon; but as the smaller ones were so numerous, and crossed each other in different directions, it was only possible to ascertain with any precision, the paths of the largest and most brilliant.

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 7, 1803.

INTELLIGENCE.

FIRE! INSANITY! MURDER!

Raleigh, (N. C.) March 14, 1803.

ON the night of the 2d ult. the new and scarcely finished jail for the district of Salisbury, was destroyed by fire, all to the stone walls. When the flames were discovered at midnight, they had attained so much force, as to render every exertion ineffectual. The fire was occasioned, it is supposed, from the unskillful manner in which the fire-place was fixed. There were five persons confined in it, only one (Christian Brown) fell a sacrifice to this insatiate enemy; the other four being awakened to a sense of their imminent danger by the cries of the unfortunate sufferer, escaped unhurt, or at least not materially so. The unfortunate man who was burnt, had been for some weeks in a state of insanity, and had excited by his conduct, a fearful kind of curiosity among his neighbours. It appears that about 3 years ago, Christian Brown (whose father was a respectable man, of German extraction, in the neighbourhood of Salisbury) had been insane, but without any mischievous propensities, his malady yielded to medical aid, and from that period he had been afflicted with no further symptoms of that deplorable complaint. About the 1st of January, the symptoms of his former disorder returned with increased violence, to the great terror of his family (having at that period a wife and three children, whom he supported by his industry.)

His disease gaining strength, his wife took her three children to his father's about a half mile distant. Brown now went constantly armed, threatening with death all who approached him, and began to kill every thing about his yard, such as geese, cats, &c. &c. cutting off their heads with an axe, broke up the floor of the house to search for *witches*, and evinced symptoms of increasing madness. At this period a state warrant was procured to apprehend him, and some feeble attempts were made, and his gun and a sharp axe were taken from him; he armed himself anew with a pitchfork, and kept every body at bay, employing himself with destroying his property, cutting up his furniture, pulling down his corncrib, throwing away his meat, and pitching his hay off the stack; another attempt was made to secure him, which he eluded by exercising his pitchfork; and stoning the people who attempted to take him. About this time his wife sent her eldest child, Catharine, to bring away some meat; in which she succeeded.—She was unfortunately sent a second time. Humanity shudders to relate, that her miserable father this time observed her, and about two hours afterwards the dreadful cries of the child gave evidence of it, and tho' many persons heard them, a principle of fear or of horror, prevented any person immediately going to her relief.

The door steps being very bloody, told a dreadful tale, while unbroken stillness prevailed in the house; but such was the timidity of the people, that no attempt was made to investigate this shocking message until next day, when with great difficulty, and not till he wounded one of the party, and was himself severely scored, and one of his legs much shattered, could he be secured. The sight that presented itself on entering the house, was of the most soul-harrowing kind—the head and body of the poor decapitated little victim, were placed by the bed in which this most wretched father slept. Nor did he appear sensible of this horrid spectacle, nor was his spirit at all abated, tho' wounded and bound hand and foot he endeavoured to bite those who touched him; and tho' his language was German, the spirit of it was discovered to be threats and imprecations, and those who understood him, declared he expressed himself as coherently as at any period of his life.

On his commitment, medical aid was procured, and he was bled in several places about his head and neck, his hair shaved off, and other appropriate methods taken, —but for the accident which destroyed him, the physicians were of opinion, that he would have recovered the use of his reason; but miserable would have been the remnant of his days, had this been accomplished, and we think regret will not be a predominant sensation, at the final termination of this most unfortunate creature's sufferings; for life to him must have been a burden, which no earthly comforts could have alleviated.

COOPERSTOWN, MARCH 31.

ON the 22d March, during the absence of Benjamin Norton and his wife, of the town of Ruttersburg, to attend the funeral of their only child, a boy about 5 years old, who had lately fallen with a knife, the point of which had passed thro' his hat, and penetrated its skull, so as to occasion the aid of Dr. White, who trepanned the injured part, but too late—the child died; and in the moment of their last painful attention to their deceased infant, the house took fire, and all the moveable property other than the clothes on the back of himself and wife, was entirely destroyed.

PETERSBURGH, (V.) APRIL 22.

YESTERDAY morning was brought to this town, from Person county, North Carolina, one of the most extraordinary objects probably ever seen—A young man by the name of Howard, 23 years of age, 9 feet 8 inches from head to foot, and about 13 inches high when sitting. He appears to be sensible, converses with ease, has the countenance of a man of his years, and says he enjoys a remarkable share of good health. All his limbs have undergone an astonishing change—his legs and thighs are bent and flat; the skin bone of each leg appears broken about the middle and forms an angle—his arms have but very little bone, notwithstanding which he has the use of them: in short, his whole frame, apparently, has experienced a gradual dissolution, and he appears to have very little bone left, to his limbs. His arms, he says, have been broken upwards of 30 times, without having latterly experienced any great inconvenience from it. He has been unable to walk since he was 3 years old. He says the cause of his lamentable situation is attributed to a quantity of mercury given him for worms, when about a year old.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Helms, Mr. John Hilary Baker, to Miss Mary Emmerich, both of this city.

—, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. John Murphy, to Miss Comfort Peterkin, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 28th ult. near Bordentown, New-Jersey, in the 47th year of his age, Mr. Isaac Pennington, a native of this city.

—, at Natchez, of a broken leg, received by a fall from his horse, Mr. Thomas Flursby, of that place, merchant.

—, at Hamburg, March 13, the famous Klopstock, in the 79th year of his age.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

The subjoined Pieces, under the signature of Oscar, are the productions of a gentleman residing in a distant part of the state. They were written solely with a view to amuse his leisure hours. If you think them worthy of publication, you are at liberty to insert them in the Repository.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ODE TO SPRING.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

"Freude wirbelt in den Lüften."

JOY comes laughing with the breeze;
Gladness spreads itself around;
Songsters warble in the trees;
Nature gaily decks the ground.

Heav'n unfolds its richest vesture,
Sparkling stars—ethereal blue;
Fairies dance with antic gesture;
Or sip, delighted, morning dew.

Gentle, smiling, Zephyrs, wander,
Thro' the groves of verdant green;
Toying with the lilac, yonder—
Here, with the rose of blooming meän.

Humming bees, on wafer-pinions,
Careful, thro' the blossoms roam;
Searching all their flow'r-dominions,
The nectar-tribute gather home.

In th' embroider'd violet-vale,
Love, attended by the Graces,
Tells his soft, bewitching tale,
While blushing fair ones hide their faces.

How beautiful is the creation,
In this time of mirth and joy?
All is life—all animation:
Nought, our pleasures to annoy.

OSCAR.

MORNING SONG OF PRAISE.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF PATZKE.]

"Lobt den Herrn! Die morgensonne."

O PRAISE the Lord! the morning sun,
From sleep awakes the cheerful swain;
And all creation's joys again,
To us, in streams renewed, run.

O praise the Lord! ye sweetest flow'rs,
To Him your earliest fragrance yield;
Ye birds, exert your tuneful pow'rs;
Praise him in meadow and in field.

O praise the Lord!—Ev'n from his den
The desert's savage roars his praise:

And, oh! my soul! how much more then,
Should'st thou thy voice in Psalms raise?

OSCAR.

UNIVERSAL SONG OF PRAISE.

A SAPPHIC ODE.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜRDE.]

"Alles was odem bat, lobet den Herrn!"

ALL ye that live and breathe, O praise the Lord!
With holy streams of joy, and exultation,
Our souls are penetrated.

O taste and see, how great, how good He is!
His love and mercy, his truth and grace, alone,
Leads us to joys eternal.

O ye enwrap't souls, that serve the Lord
Cherubim! Seraphim! Angels and Spirits!
Love is your felicity.

Thirst on, our souls—thirst for the living streams,
Blessed and holy! and for ever love Him.
Who us, in love, created.

Yes, we'll love and adore Him! yes, the dust
Loves its Redeemer; and all our anxious tears
Himself shall wipe away.

OSCAR.

SELECTED.

(Communicated for the Repository.)

THE HAMLET.

By Warton.

THE hinds how blest who ne'er beguill'd,
To quit their Hamlet' hawthorn wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main
For splendid care, and guilty gain.

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That, nodding, shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy glades in warbles clear,
While Nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her athen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay;
Each native charm their steps explore,
Of solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadow's incense breathe at eve.

No riot-mars the simple fore
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:

But when the curfew's measur'd roar,
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or thro' the prim-ros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume Life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ODE.

VNEYL opyuk sf htyv'ila flymt!
Qrne, sh qrne ehno msueyl fuymt!
Eutmbnig, hspnig, lning'unig, flnig.
Sh eht pyni, eht blnoo sf danig!
Ctyot, fsid Iyerut! ctyot eha oeunf,
Yid lte mt lyigrnoh nies lnt.

ARITS.

Hyuk! ehta whnoptu; yigtlo oya,
Onoetu opnune, csmt ywya.
Whye no ehno ybosubo mt qrnet?
Oetylo ma ototo, ohreo ma ongho,
Duswio ma opnuneo, duywo ma butyeh?
Etl mt ma osrl, cyi ehno bt Dtyeh?

YUNEO.

Eht wusld utctdto; ne dnoypptyuo!
Htyv'i splio si ma tato! ma tyuo
Wneh osrido otuyphne unig:
Ltd, ltd asru wnigo! N msrie! N fla!
S Guyvt! whtut no eha vncesua?
S Dtyeh! whtut no eha oenig?

☞ A Translation of the above is requested.

☞ The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 31th payment of 25 Cents will be collected by the Carriers, on Saturday next.